

Dear Boris,

We are conscious of your birthday, but a bit belated in getting around to saying so. We wish you all of the best and a long and reasonably happy future. We hope you are in blooming health and that it will ~~continue~~ for a long, long time.

We have not been doing too well here, though we are ~~both~~ both much improved over what we were a month ago. Bill had a severe heart episode, ~~thoroly~~ ^{before} after the middle of May. Its severity was indicated by the blood tests showing that the enzymes had doubled. However he refused to be hospitalized and recovered to a very great extent right here at home. He is now so determinedly energetic that he is "fixing" things around the house.

A couple of days before he was stricken, I myself discovered a horrifying condition indicating severe trouble in the kidneys or bladder. After a siege of doctors' and x-ray and laboratory examinations and around upon round of antibiotics and no improvement, I was hospitalized and operated upon under a general anesthetic, where the bleeding was traced to its source: the right kidney. After I came home (also while there) I was treated with sulfa and gigantic quantities of ordinary cold water. I seem to be cured of the basic trouble now, but am ~~and~~ under sentence ~~to~~ to drink eight 8-ounce glasses of ~~xx~~ water daily. I tire very easily and am more or less debilitated from the tons of sulfa I swallowed. But I am told now that I am all right, but "must take it ~~xx~~ easy." The age-old cure!

by Bill

A pleasant time was had, I think, and the men friends one after another who staid with him nights while I was in hospital. Our good reliable maid Lucille came each day and staid through dinner in the evening. In spite of the horrific weather here--it has been impossibly hot and muggy--he has had some very enjoyable visits from men friends interested in archaeology: the Mayan. Today Giles Healy was here. He lives at Big Sur, California, and Bill has had correspondence with him over the years. He knows Yucatan and the CENTRAL AMERICAN Mayan areas very well.

So we live each day plagued and sorrowed by the state of the world, this country in particular. The slowness with which anything is done about getting the dreadful war behind us is maddening. Nixon is committing some boo-boos, I fear, in his efforts to balance the world on both shoulders at once. A dreadful era all over the world, I fear.

This is hardly a rohsingly cheerful birthday letter. But since we have not written for such a long time, I thought I should bring you "up-to-date."

I for one think longingly of Sweden with its moderate temperatures and lovely summers. I think so very often of our most happy weeks with you in Sandhamn and Fryksos.

Our regards to ~~the~~ ^{and homes she will} and homes she will ^{keep the same about} Affectionate greetings
J. P.